

4-1-1942

## UA99/6/2 BUWKY April

Bowling Green Business University

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✓  
APR.

# BUWKY

1942



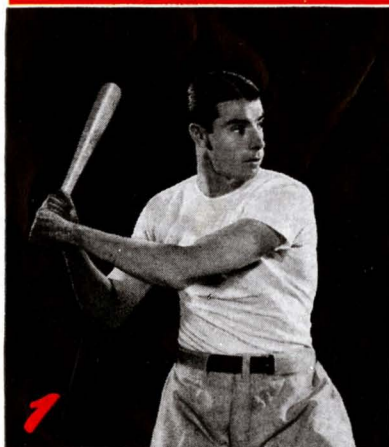
Vol. VII

No. VIII



# JOE DIMAGGIO'S MIGHTY SWING

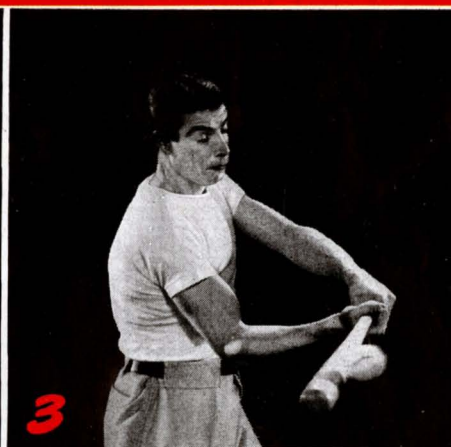
Now for the first time the amazing stroboscopic camera analyzes the swing that made baseball history



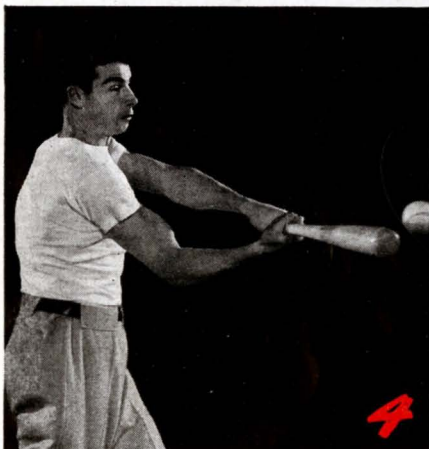
DiMaggio sizes up the pitch...



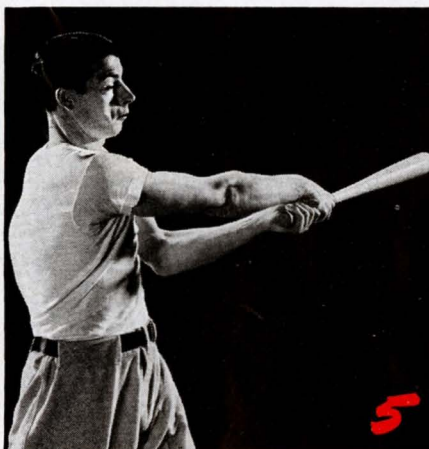
He starts that devastating swing...



Squarely...solidly...bat meets ball.



With his eyes still focused on the batted ball...



Joe follows through in a tremendous release of driving power.

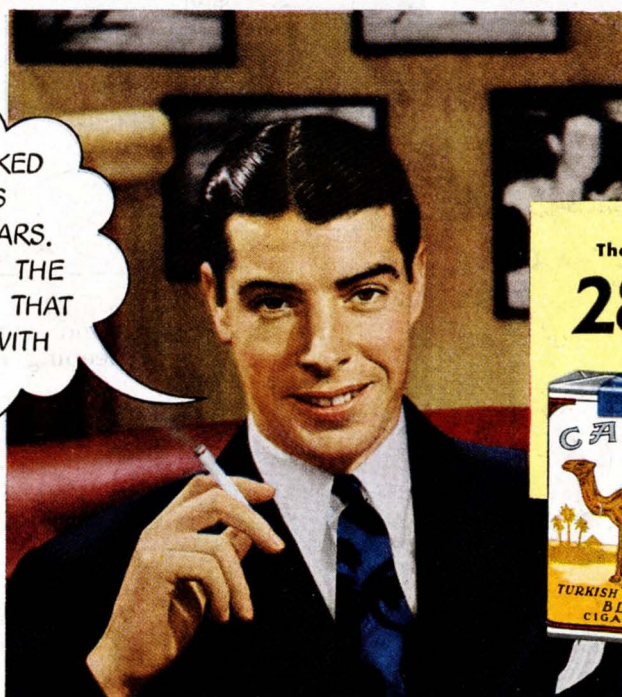


A remarkable series of repetitive flashes show you the famous DiMaggio swing and follow-through all in this one picture above. Below, at the left, you see Joe enjoying a Camel. For with Joe DiMaggio, when the game is over, it's "now for a Camel." Yes, *Camel*—the milder cigarette with less nicotine in the smoke.

I'VE SMOKED  
CAMELS  
FOR 8 YEARS.  
THEY HAVE THE  
**MILDNESS** THAT  
COUNTS WITH  
ME

Right off the bat, Joe DiMaggio, shown here at home, will tell you: "I find Camels easy on the throat—milder in every way. And they've got the flavor that hits the spot every time. You bet I like Camels!"

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.,  
Winston-Salem, N. C.



The smoke of slower-burning Camels contains

## 28% LESS NICOTINE

than the average of the 4 other largest-selling cigarettes tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself!



# CAMEL

THE CIGARETTE OF  
COSTLIER TOBACCOS



# BUWKY BITS

By The Walrus and A. B.

Spring has come! Beautiful, beautiful, spring! The leaves are on the trees. The days are warm and balmy. Pieces of taxicabs are sticking up through the mud. The other day I caught a fly. It kinda makes a fellow feel romantic to see all these wonders taking place. Oh spring! Oh joy! Oh ecstasy! What is so rare as a day in spring? Now all this may sound a bit looney but you must realize this is the way I feel. I want to go out on the campus, lay prone on the earth and roll down the hill, taking a big bite of grass each time my face is downward. (This is also an excellent cure for hiccough, according to Robert Benchly).

And speaking of things of beauty, again the art department of Western has come through. Their displays in the past have been only the best and we know that they will continue to be such. There are a great many beautiful things on display and in the near future they will have a really fine exhibition.

I hear it said that people are leaving the B. U. right and left to get jobs and to help Uncle Sam in various ways. Though we are sorry to see these people go we do wish them all success in their new ventures and hope that we may see them again soon.

The army seems to be taking its share and there's no telling when you or I might have to bid college good-bye and join the fighting forces. Though the situation does not look particularly good now, I have no doubt that the United States and the other members of the Union of Free Peoples will win through to absolute victory. I believe it enough to fight for it and to believe that all the other fellows who will be leaving soon will do their part in making victory a reality.

And another top-notch event of the spring season is over. Yes, sir, the Talisman Dance and it was really fine. Roy Holmes and his orchestra provided the rhythm and The Talisman provided the girls. Beautiful girls—millions of 'em. Clair Bryant was chosen as

the Talisman Queen—conclusive proof that the student body at Western has good taste. And her attendants filled the cup until it was brimming over with feminine pulchritude. So the Talisman dance is over for another year, but don't forget. . . .

The Talisman itself. Western's 1942 edition of the annual, promises even bigger and better things if such is possible. It has been a very eventful year and I have it straight from the boys in the back room that you will find all these events beautifully chronicled in this year's Talisman.

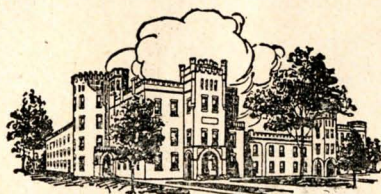
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Who says you have to journey

## BUWKY

VOL. 7, No. 8

Whole No. LXI



**TOM C. VENABLE**

Managing Editor



The Buwky is published each month (ten times) during the college year except July and August, in the interest of the students of the Bowling Green (B)usiness (U)niversity and (W)estern (K)entuck(y) State Teachers College, Bowling Green, Kentucky. Editorial and advertising offices, 1023 College Street, Bowling Green, Kentucky. All business communications and manuscripts, drawings, items, etc., should be sent to this address.

Foreign subscriptions one dollar per year.

to the big city to hear good music? Sunday a week ago the walls of Van Meter reverberated to music of Western's band led by Mr. Hugh Gunderson. It was good music that tickled the tympanum. An even of that calibre can make a whole week's living worth while.

We feel a little anti-climactic about mentioning Western's basketball triumphs. It's history now and darn good history at that. Those boys did a marvelous job and we take off our hats to them. They may be a little weary of reading stuff like this by now, but that's the price one pays for fame. Centre beat Harvard a couple of decades ago and they're still talking about it, but we feel sure that Western's ball team will give us something even greater to talk about next year—so, 'til then we'll just rest on our laurels.

And while we're tossing bouquets, here is one for the Bowling Green Players' Guild and their production of "Arms and The Man." It came off last week at the armory and was one of the best plays of the Bowling Green season. Incidentally, the proceeds went to the U. S. O.

Needless to say the "Towers" for this year should be among the best yet. Many new ideas have been used this year and we're really expecting something.

This is all for this time so I will now take leave of you and say —'Bye.

Collegiate proverb: "If she looks young she's old; if she looks old she's young; if she looks back, follow her."

Put a yellow canary in a meat-grinder and you get shredded tweet, no doubt.

A little bear sleeps in his bear skin All cozy and warm I suppose. I tried sleeping in my little bare skin And golly, I almost froze.

They have improvised a process of making wool out of milk, which must make the cows feel sort of sheepish.

Our correspondent in the heart of Africa informs us that he recently witnessed a mama Kangaroo murdering her little one for eating crackers in bed.



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**CLEAN-UP**

We're broom mate,s  
We sweep together,  
Dust we two.

Mr. Fineberger, leader in new and used suits, was attempting to sell a mighty fine English drape which in the course of its life had come rather too near a skunk.

"Dis is a suit, a fine one you couldn't get it batter on Main stritt. Feel de goots. A poifect feet," said Mr. Fineberger.

"Yes," said the customer, sniffing, "that's a fine suit. But what's the funny smell?"

"Dat's me. Ain't I a stinking son of a gun?"

Love makes the world go round; but then, so does a good swallow of tobacco juice.

Mary had a swimming suit,  
Quite pretty, I've no doubt.  
But when she puts herself inside,  
The most of her stays out.

A midshipman wandered into a tennis tournament one day last year and sat down on a bench. "Whose game?" he asked.

A shy young thing sitting next to him looked up coyly. "I am," she cooed.

"Help your wife," says Good Housekepeing, "when she mops up the floor, mop up the floor with her."

A westerner entered a saloon with his wife and three year old son, walked up to the bar and ordered two straight whiskies.

"Hey, pa," said the kid, "ain't ma drinkin'?"

"Hey you, are there any sharks around here where I'm swimming?"

"No,—They're afraid of the crocodiles."

First Little Boy: "I forgot to ask you to my picnic party tomorrow."

Second Little Boy: "Too late now, I've prayed for a blizzard."

Freddie Frat says: When my sweetie turns me down I go see my necks best.

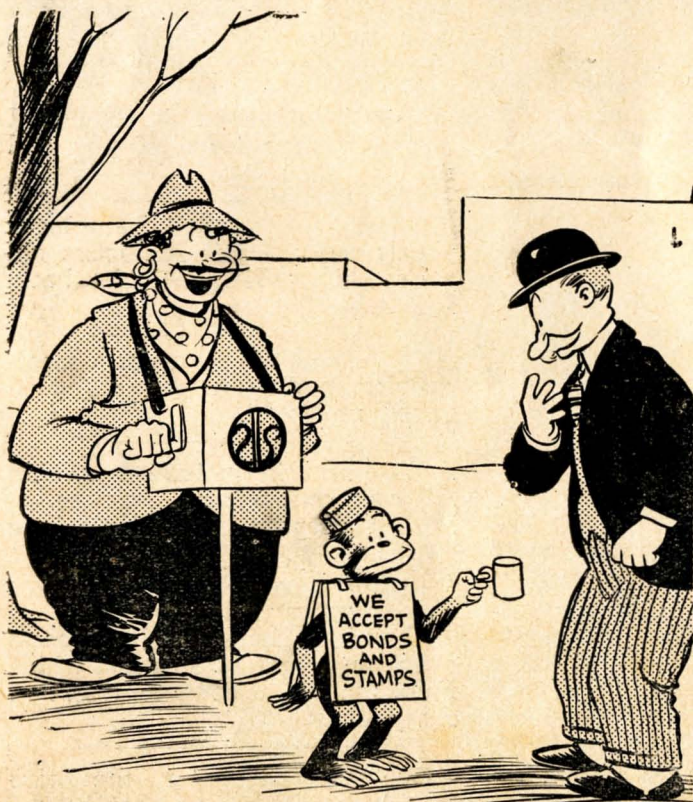
CALLING YOUR  
ATTENTION TO A  
TREMENDOUS  
ASSORTMENT OF  
SPORTS WEAR.

# NORMANS

"The Store All Women Know"

"It will pay you to visit this store."

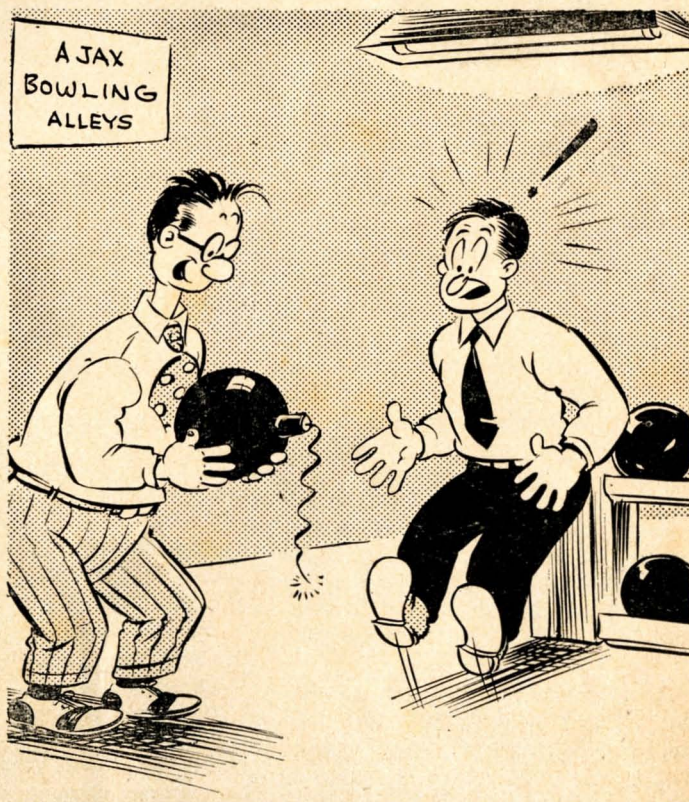
COME IN  
AND SEE  
OUR GREAT  
NEW SPRING  
AND SUMMER  
STOCKS.



R. 1942 BY NEA SERVICE, INC. T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

4-1

"Jocko always wants to do his bit."



GPR. 1942 BY NEA SERVICE, INC. T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

4-1

"What'll you bet I don't get a strike?"



# INTELLECTUAL LOVE

By Tom C. Venable

Once upon a time there was an intellectual named Herbert. Herbert was a very good intellectual. He would sit home every night and read. Oh, he had read everything from "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" to "The Death of Cactus Pete." Herbert was an English major. He knew when to use who and when to use whom. He knew just about everything.

In addition to all this Herbert was a "nodder." A nodder is the highest form of intellectual. A nodder sits on the front row of every class and whatever the professor says, he nods. Really, a nodder is a very repulsive person.

Herbert would sit on the front row of every class and nod at whatever the teacher said. All the other students would throw peanuts at him and put salt in his ears. But this did not vex Herbert, because he was an intellectual.

One day Herbert was nodding in his "Measurements of the Enstine Theory" class. Suddenly his heart jumped up into his throat. Somebody else was nodding! Herbert looked around, and right next to him was a girl. She had horn-rimmed spectacles, her teeth were bucked, her nose was hooked, and she had a complexion like a washboard. Herbert thought she was very beautiful, because, you see, she was an intellectual, too.

Just as soon as class was over Herbert turned around and looked at the girl.

"Hello!" said Herbert.

"Hello!" said the girl.

Herbert asked her what her name was, and she told him it was Carolyn. Herbert and Carolyn began to talk and before he knew what had happened Herbert had asked her to go to the library with him that night.

It wasn't very long until Her-

bert and Carolyn were going to the library together every night! And on their way home Herbert would tell Carolyn all about the book he had read and she would tell him all about the book she had read. Sometimes they would sit for hours and talk about the development of Old English into Middle English.

One night they were sitting on Carolyn's front porch discussing the effect of marriage upon emotional stability and before Herbert knew what had happened he had asked her to marry him. But Herbert did not mind; he was happy. And Carolyn did not mind; she was happy.

Finally the day came when Herbert and Carolyn were to be married. When they stood in front of the altar the preacher began to talk.

"Dearly Beloved," the preacher said, "we are gathered together here to join together these people in holy wedlock. If there is any who can show jest cause—"

"Just a minute," said Herbert. "Please say just, not jest."

"Okay pal," said the preacher.

"Carolyn Repulsive, do you take this man to be you' lawful—"

"Just a minute," said Herbert. "You did not pronounce the 'r' in your."

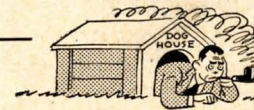
"Now you made me forget what I was goin' ask you!" said the preacher.

"Please watch your final 'g's", said Herbert.

"I quit!" said the preacher, and he did.

Herbert was brokenhearted. So was Carolyn. They decided not to get married after all, and not to go to the library together any more. They both went back to school to do some more nodding.

And if you will look real carefully at the front row in your next class I'll bet you see one of them sitting there, nodding.



## BUYER YELLS WHEN BRIAR SMELLS

—but Sam the Salesman is  
out of the dog house now!



"WHOA, DEARIE!" chirped the secretary. "It's just your stinko pipe he didn't like. Try his favorite Sir Walter Raleigh for mild, fragrant smoking—and success!"



SCENT MAKES DOLLARS! Sam switched to this blend of mildest burleys and soon his business was booming. Does your tobacco make friends for you? Try Sir Walter!

KEEP OUT OF THE DOG HOUSE  
WITH SIR WALTER

This NEW Cellophane  
tape seals flavor in,  
brings you tobacco  
100% factory-fresh!



UNION  
MADE

Tune in **UNCLE WALTER'S DOG HOUSE**  
Every Wednesday night—NBC Red Network



**BAD GNUS**

Papa Gnu came home and Mamma Gnu looked at him shyly, then said, "I've got Gnus for you."

"Lesh go home now, Joe."

"Naw, 'm afraid to go home. Wife'll shmeel m' breath."

"Hol' yer breath."

"Can't. Sh' too strong."

"Wait, George, this isn't our baby. In fact this is the wrong carriage."

"Aw shut up, this is a better carriage."

Wife: "How did you get that cut on your head?"

Husband: "Must have bit myself."

Wife: "Don't be silly. How could you bite yourself up there?"

Husband: "Must have stood on a chair."

My Dear Miss Everett:—

Dear Miss Everett:—

Dear Doris,

Doris Dear,

Doris Dearest,

Darling Doris,

My Sweetheart,

My Own,

Darling Wifey,

Babykins,

Dear Doris,

Hello Babe,

Pay to the order of

Mrs. Doris J. McGillicudy . . .

"Unfrock a lady and you may find raspberry-colored lingerie—or misty green or dull blue."

—Vogue.

Or a slap in the face.—(Ed.)

Englishman: "I say, what are they doing?"

American: "They're dancing."

Englishman: "They get married later, don't they?"

The doctor visited Rastus' wife to deliver her twelfth offspring. While riding along with Rastus he saw a duck in the road.

Doctor: "Whose duck is that?"

Rastus: "That ain't no duck, boss, nowsah. That a stork with his legs worn off."

Beggar: "Excuse me, sir; you gave me a counterfeit bill."

Gentleman: "Keep it for your honesty."

**FOUNTAIN PENS**

Sheet Music—Musical  
Goods—School Supplies

**MAX R. POTTER**  
55 Steps From the Square Office Supply Specialists

Home of "Dr. Potter's Famous  
Pen Hospital"

The Perfect Gift for Your Mother on

**MOTHER'S DAY**

Is Your Portrait.

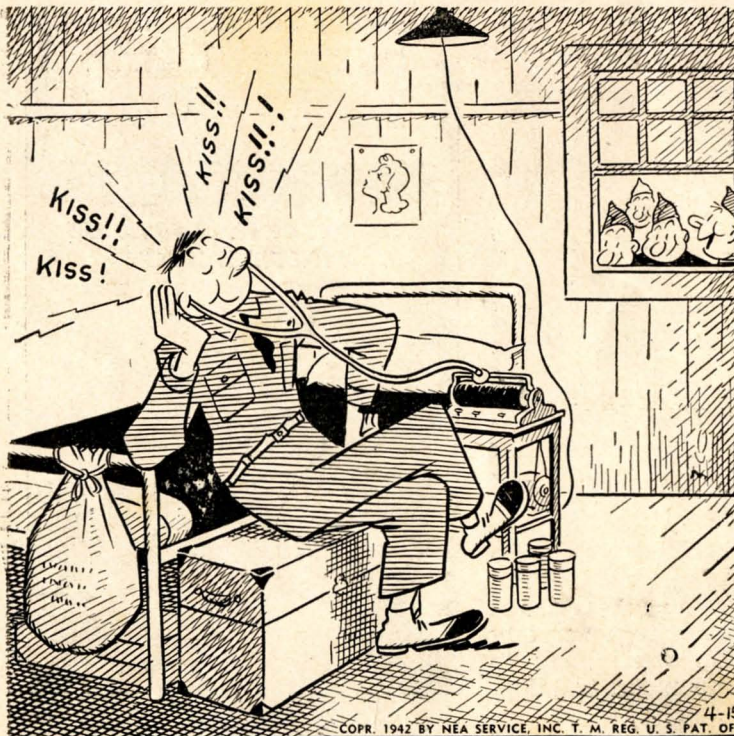
"Let us show you what we mean when we say,

"PORTRAITS WITH APPEAL"

Visit us, or Phone 2041 for an appointment . . . . .

**QUINN PHOTO SERVICE**

1019½ State Street



"His typist girl friend always sends her love letters on records."



"These invitations to my tea are printed beautifully—now add 'P. S.—Bring your own sugar'!"



# RHETORIC IN WAX

There's an old Scotch murder mystery whose current revival has thrown play-goers into ecstasies. All of us have read it and some of us have seen it. It was a very popular play several hundred years ago and every decade or so it makes a comeback. The play is by a man named William Shakespeare—the title, Macbeth.

Maurice Evans and Judith Anderson have brought Macbeth back from the grave and swept the country with its fiery rhetoric. The play is now on tour and will possibly be in Nashville sometime soon.

There are a lot of us who won't be able to see it. Blame it on the tire shortage or what you will, Maurice Evans' and Judith Anderson's rendition of Macbeth will be just another play we didn't see to the majority of us, but we're going to let you in on a little secret. Everyone of us can hear it. RCA Victor has recorded the play in imperishable wax and preserved the beautiful work of Evans and Anderson for you and posterity.

It's as thrilling as a front-row seat at a New York production. Pages in the Victor album set the

scene with pictures, show actors in costume, and give a complete text of the story and dialogue. And the records—nine beautiful record sides to bring you Shakespeare at his best and as he hasn't been heard in this country for many years.

If you want to hear Shakespeare as he meant himself to be heard, we'd suggest that you purchase this album. RCA Victor—\$5.25.

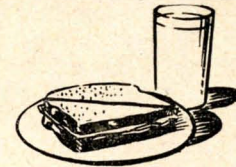
P. S. This is NOT an advertisement.

A little city boy who had been to the country, was describing to another boy friend the big pig he had seen. "It was in a pen," he said, "and it was afraid of all the little pigs. They would chase the big pig all over the pen, around and around, and pretty soon it fell with exhaustion, and the little pigs pounced upon the big pig and ate all the buttons off his vest."

Teacher: "Correct this sentence. 'He came out flatfooted and told the Dean what he thought!'"

Johnnie: "He told the Dean what he thought and came out flatfooted."

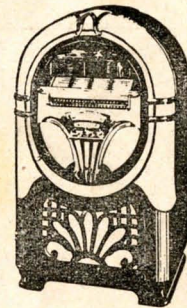
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**TASTY  
REFRESHMENTS**

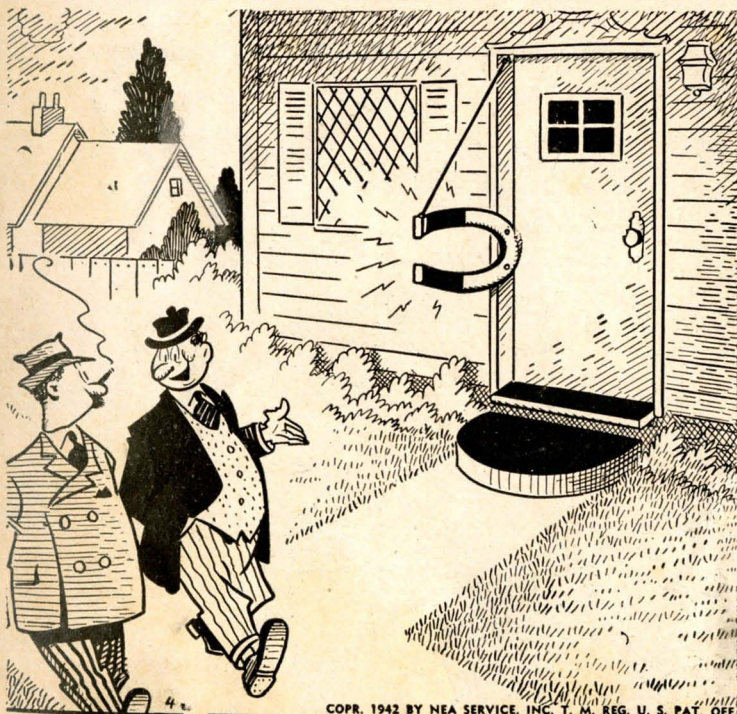


**SMART SERVICE**



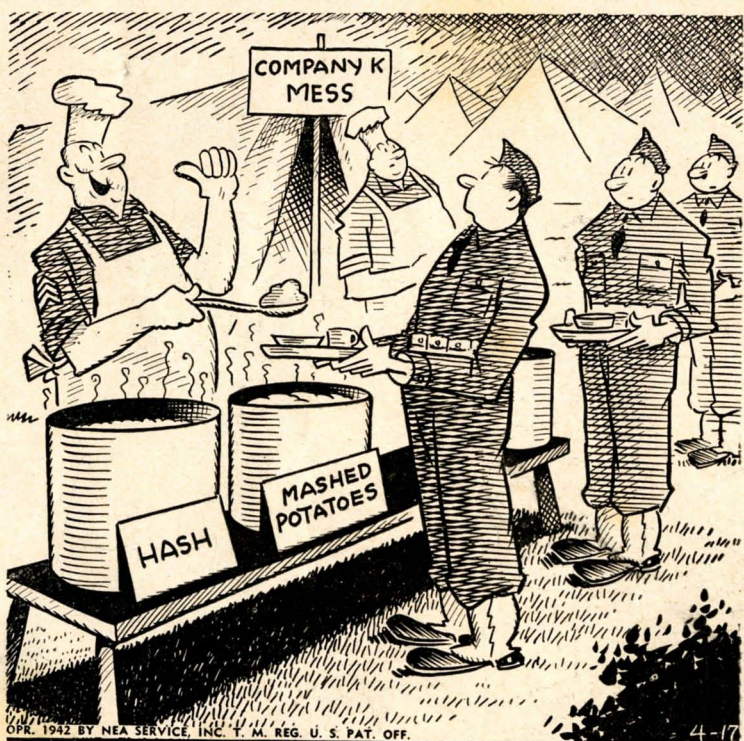
**WURLITZER  
PHONOGRAPH MUSIC  
THE  
UNIVERSITY INN**

"Just Around the Corner from  
the B. U."



COPR. 1942 BY NEA SERVICE, INC. T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

"That's Genius Jones' magnetic house-finder for black-outs—with his pockets full of metal it pulls him in as he walks by!"



COPR. 1942 BY NEA SERVICE, INC. T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

"We were going to have roast beef and boiled potatoes, but a rookie drove his tank through the kitchen!"



Scene: A crowded trolley car. A young lady is vainly groping for her purse to pay her fare. A young man is standing nearby with anguish written plainly on his handsome features.

Young man: "Pardon me, miss, but may I pay your fare?"

Young lady: "Sir!"

Several seconds of groping.

Young man: "I beg your pardon again, young lady, but won't you let me pay your fare?"

Young lady: "Why, I don't even know you, and anyway, I'll have this purse open in a minute."

Continued groping.

Young man: "I really must insist on paying your fare. You've unbuttoned my suspenders three times."

From my files, cross-indexed under both "aquarium" and "gender," comes this little household hint on how to tell whether your goldfish is a boy or a girl: To the water in the goldfish bowl add one-half ounce of sulfuric acid. If he comes floating to the top, he is a boy; and if she comes floating to the top, she is a girl.

Caller: "I would like to see the Judge, please."

Secretary: "I'm sorry, sir, but he is at dinner."

Caller: "But, my man, my errand is important."

Secretary: "It can't be helped, sir. His honor is at steak."

A colored lady came into Gimble's Department Store the other day and asked for a pair of drawers.

"How do you want them to button?" asked the clerk. "Front or side?"

"Doan make no difference," the negress replied, "these here is for a corpse."

Q: "How does your aunt stand the heat?"

A: "We haven't heard yet; she's only been dead a week."

"The off-spring of a single rat," stated the lecturing biology professor, "may number several hundred."

"Gee whiz," came the startled exclamation from the third row, "What would the offspring of a married rat be?"

"What's the matter; don't you smoke?" he muttered soothingly.

"No," was the right snappy comeback.

"Do you happen to drink?"

"No."

"Do you eat hay by any chance?"

"No."

"Say, you aren't a fit companion for man or beast, are you?"

A: "Why is that man over there snapping his fingers?"

B: "He's a deaf mute with the hiccups."

A man was carrying a grandfather's clock down the street when he was met by a slightly inebriated gentleman who stared and pondered a moment, then said, "Shay buddy, why doncha carry a wrist watch?"

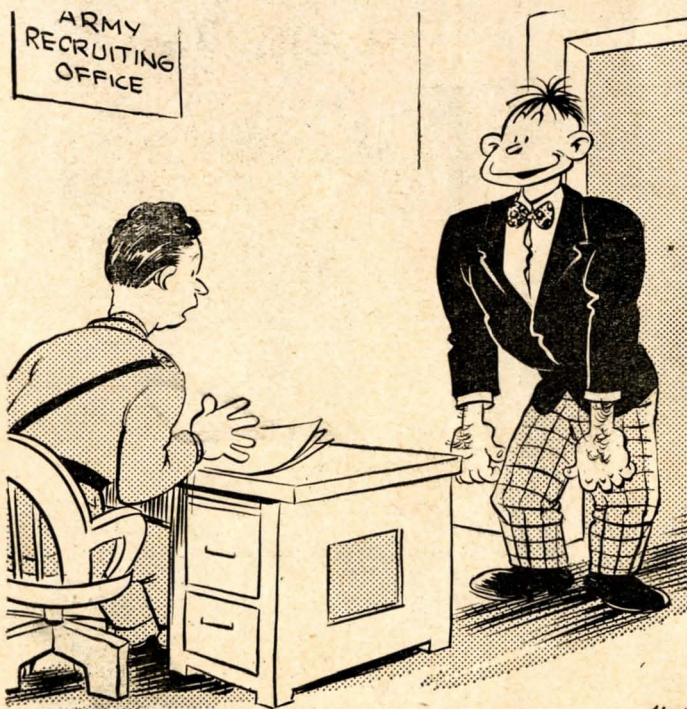
If you have a craving for good hamburgers,  
why not get the best?

## THE MIDGET KITCHEN

Between State and College on 11th.

Short Order Specialist

You'll be pleased with our food.



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"I'd like to join up for jungle service."

"It's the doctor's wife buying eggs again!"



## Picking up the Pieces

By Hobson Sinclair

We're off to a flyin' start as Glenn Miller plays "SHHH, IT'S A MILITARY SECRET." Tex Beneke, Marion Hutton, and those Modernaires do their part to keep military secrets secret. Tex suggests love is no secret, Marion agrees, and the record goes on to a happy endin'. It's brown on that side, let's see what's cookin' on tother. "SHE'LL ALWAYS REMEMBER" (a mother's understanding sentiment as her boy becomes a soldier) is Miller's best yet. Ray Eberle gives with one of those emotional vocals that will moisten the eyelashes, while the Modernairs fill in that rich background. It's A-1 wax work. (Bluebird 11493).

\* \* \*

Jimmy Dorsey tries one of those instrumentals, reminiscent of his "TURN RIGHT" or "TURN LEFT." It's that favorite "JERSEY BOUNCE" that we are primarily interested in, and Dorsey's sax stimulates that interest. J. Dorsey doesn't make many instrumentals, but "JERSEY BOUNCE" proves he can, and good too! To keep the record rollin' (or bouncin' as you prefer), Helen O'Connell takes vocal charge of the reverse via "MY LITTLE COUSIN." It's typically O'Connell. That Mmmmm . . . . . vocal is 'out of this world.' (Decca 4288).

\* \* \*

Alyce King sings this heart-warming ballad "I'M GLAD THERE IS YOU" in a manner that leaves nothing to be desired. Tender . . . romantic . . . melodious . . . sweet . . . it's a song no one will easily forget. Alvino Rey stars his electric guitar on the "B" side, and Charles Brosen adds cryptic comments to "PICNIC IN PURGATORY." Pass th' mustard, get your foot out th' cake, it's strickly jive. (Bluebird B-11501).

Ella Fitzgerald's first waxin' in

almost five months is "MY MAN." This song is right in the groove for Ella, and she puts her all into it. Ella takes to the opposite side to ask the musical question "WHO ARE YOU?" These are a pair of aces, and we hope it won't be as far to Ella's next recording as it was from her last. (Decca 4291).

\* \* \*

Tommy Dorsey plays two of the Harburg-Lane tunes from his new film "Ship Ahoy." "THE LAST CALL FOR LOVE" is a haunting affair based on the army bugle call taps. Frank Sinatra and the Pied Pipers offer an extremely effective vocal in the first chorus. T. D. solos second. "POOR YOU" is in a similar relaxed tempo with Frank Sinatra commiserating from the introduction. Tommy starts the second stanza with a bit of slip horn work . . . sax section takes over to the bridge and Frank sings it out. (Victor 27849).

\* \* \*

"FIGHTIN' DOUG MacARTHUR" is a spirited tribute to a fightin' general pitched in the rhythm of the times. Tony and the boys get into the swing of things with this clever riff number sung and played in a rickin' tempo. "THAT AIN'T THE WAY I DREAMED IT" is a smartly conceived ballad arranged in that super-push Pastor smooth style. A direct contrast to its plattermate, this song sounds mighty easy on the ears, 'specially as sung by John McAfee. (Bluebird B-11502).

\* \* \*

BY THE WAY—If you should buy an orange stamped "Tuxedo Junction," it came from Glenn Miller's ranch. More than 12,000 cases are shipped yearly. New seems to be the order of the day. Decca has signed up some eight new recording artists including Lionel Hampton, Martha Raye, Kenny Baker, Raymond Scott, Alec Templeton, Gracie Fields, Leo Reisman, and the above mentioned Fred Waring. Victor recently signed up Hal McIntire, Glenn Miller's ace sax expert who

broke off to start his own band. (Watch this boy, he's good!!) . . . Erskine Hawkins received minor injuries when he forgot to let go a bowling ball. As a promotion stunt, Erskine agreed to roll the first ball in an opening Harlem alley. When he stopped skiddin', Erskine said "I think I will stick to music . . . Vaughn Monroe traded his bicycle for a bugle to get into the local drum and bugle corps at the age of ten, and has been tootin' ever since . . . T. Dorsey will take over Red Skelton's show on June 16 for 13 weeks . . . Watch for "LallapoloUSA." It was written special for Sammy Kay, and he will record same soon. Tommy Dorsey's new flicker, "Ship Ahoy," (MGM production) will leave 'Drydock' soon and will hit local ports in early May.

\* \* \*

'Till next time I've said all I know, so please don't forget Uncle Sam. Buy 'um War Bonds. Let's us make a record buyin' stamps and bonds, an' when we do, we'll be "Pickin' up the Pieces" between here an' Tokyo!



Have your soldier or sailor photographed before he leaves for training, and give him your photograph to take with him.

Franklin's Studio

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Phone 212

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The demure young bride, her face a mark of winsome innocence, slowly walked down the aisle, clinging to the arm of her father. As she reached the platform before the altar her dainty foot brushed a potted flower, upsetting it. She looked at the dirt gravely, then raised her large child-like eyes to the sedate face of the old minister and said, "That's a funny place to put a lily."

If a man says yes, he means perhaps; if he says perhaps, he means no; if he says no, he's no diplomat.

If a lady says no, she means perhaps; if she says perhaps she means yes; but if she says yes, she's no lady.

"And pray, Dope, how didst know it was February?"

"Easy, Rasputin, easy, the May 'College Humor' is on sale."

There are two types of girls: those that come home from a ball and dance, and those that come home from a dance and bawl.

You remind me so much of the parrot song Egbert.

"Well Polly wants a—what is that my friend?"

"Parrot your arms about me darling."

Mr. Brown had passed on. In life he had secretly worn a toupee, and it was his widow's wish that his secret should never be revealed. She asked the undertaker who had assured her that he could preserve the effect until the very last minute.

"Are you certain that the toupee will not slip off?"

"Yes madam, I will attend to that."

The next day she phoned, "Mr. Brown was so particular, I'm worried about the toupee."

"But Mrs. Brown, I will exercise the greatest care."

She phoned many times, and received many assurances. Two hours before the rites another phone call came, "Now are you certain that the toupee will not come off?"

"Yes madam," shouted back the exhausted undertaker, "I am absolutely certain; I nailed it on."

There are two holes in a tree, one ten feet above the other.

There is a squirrel in the tree that continued to run from one hole to the other. The first trip took him five seconds and if he increases his speed one foot per second, how long will it be before he is sticking his head out of both holes at the same time?

"What did you think of the big fight last night, Murphy?"

"Fight? say, if the Missus and me 'ad put up a show like that, the kids would 'ave booed us."

Mary had a little lamb,

Some salad and dessert;

And then she gave the wrong address

The dirty little flirt.

Postman's Wife: "Why, Pa, you look all tuckered out!"

Postman: "I sure am. I've been all over town looking for a guy named 'Fragile'."

"And what foreign language is that Notre Dame halfback studying at college?"

"English."

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GENTLEMEN, IT GIVES ME GREAT-UH- PLEASURE TO-TO BE- UH- ASKED TO SAY A FEW WORDS ON TH' SHOP AND TH' WAR...

THE OL' BULL OF TH' WOODS IS AS NERVOUS AS A CAT! HE NEVER MADE A SPEECH IN HIS LIFE EXCEPT TO A GUY FER SPOILIN' A JOB!

WELL, HE'S SPOILED ONE HIMSELF AT LAST-- AND WE'RE RIGHT HERE TO MAKE HIM FEEL LIKE HE USED TO MAKE US FEEL

NO, I DON'T ENJOY THAT-- HE'S BEEN GOOD TO US SHOP GUYS! LET'S BREAK A DISH ER WRECK SOMETHIN' HERE AN', BOY, WILL HE COME OUT OF IT WHEN HE LOOKS AT US INSTEAD OF TH' BANKERS!

THE KING'S HENCHMEN

J.R. WILLIAMS

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Sitting around on some lily pads were three frogs, drinking beer and eating pretzels. There was the big frog, the middle-sized frog, and naturally the teeny-weeny frog. Soon they ran out of pretzels, and after a short argument the littlest frog said, "I'll get some more pretzels if you two promise not to touch my beer."

"We promise," chimed frogs 1 and 2, and the little frog disappeared under the water.

Two hours passed. A day passed. A week, a month, and finally a year passed, and still no pretzels.

"Maybe we should drink his beer before it gets stale," said number 1, to which the middle-sized frog agreed. Just then from under the lily pad the littlest frog appeared.

"Okay, if you guys are going to be like that, I won't get the pretzels."

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"When did you first suspect your date was not all right mentally?"

"When he shook the hall tree and began feeling around on the floor for apples."

"Aw, co'mon, Cutie, won't you kiss me 'till the cows come home?"

"No, I'd rather wait and kiss the cows!"

The Gal: "Why not come up to my apartment and have a bite before you go home?"

The Guy: "Naw, you can bite me here in the hall."

Boob: "Look, that ship is drawing near!"

Babe: "Drawing near?" I thought a ship draws water."

Seems as though a little girl was talking to her mother:

"Oh, mama, I saw the nicest man today."

"Who was he, dear?"

"He was the garbage man, mama."

"And why was he so nice?"

"Well, he was carrying a can of garbage over his head to the wagon; and while he had it over his head the bottom came out and the garbage fell all over him, and he just stood there and talked to God."

Cow (looking at silo): "I wonder if my fodder is in dere?"

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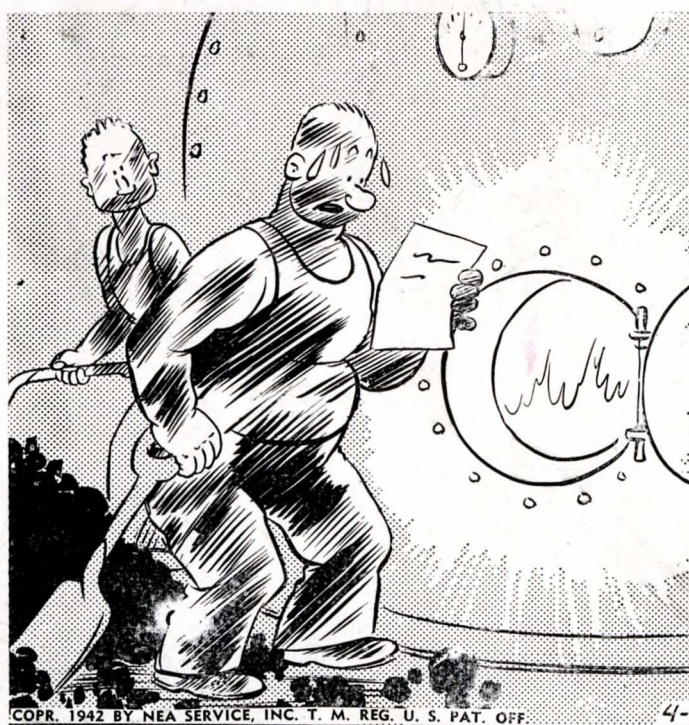
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"My swordfish trophy! I hope you don't mind?"



"Mom writes she's glad I'm in the Navy—sailors are always so neat looking!"





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